

Armchair Theatre

Anne Clark

This house is full of loneliness
Of sad weary silence
I switch on the television
For some company
Two actors
A man and a Woman
Give exaggerated little moans
As they simulate
A so called stimulating fuck
For my entertainment
Beneath the endless groans
It's not real
It's pretend
Just like we pretended that last time
To make you
Night is the most difficult part off all
I don't need this
This vile, crude reminder
Of how we play out our roles
Without any script at all